

RESTORATION

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No. 3.

FRIENDSHIP HOUSE NEEDS AUXILIARIES

By Catherine Doherty

We need auxiliaries of Friendship House (Madonna House), Combermere, Ont., in every city of Canada. We have friends, God be praised, in all the major cities of this fair land, many in smaller ones, and many in rural areas. We must call upon them for help and cooperation.

To all we address this OPEN LETTER. It had to wait for God's time table. Now is the acceptable time.

The Eleventh House

You may ask, how do I know that it is so? By experience. This is Friendship House's eleventh branch since the day of its foundation in 1930. And as the foundress of our humble lay apostolate of Catholic Action, Friendship House style, I have in the past twenty-odd years learned to read some of the signs God writes in the sand of time for the likes of us.

Each new "house" starts the same way. One or two people are sent to open it. They are the "grains of wheat" of the Gospel story, that must "die" before bearing fruit. This "dying" consists truly in walking in the utter darkness of Faith, and in the light of Trust and confidence in God . . . and in the warmth of Charity.

It is not easy to start a new House anywhere, anytime. First, the Community which it has come to serve does not immediately understand its way of life — nor its apostolic reasons for being where it is. Thus the "pioneers" of such ventures are subjected to constant watchfulness, much gossip, and many misunderstandings. Only slowly, over a period of years, do they become an integral part of the place they have come with such love to serve.

Few And Lonely

Then there is loneliness. The workers remain few in numbers for quite a while. True, a constant stream of people come "to see and touch," but there is little to see, and less to touch. For how is one to exhibit faith, trust, confidence, poverty, charity, steadfastness in trials, and all the other intangibles that go into the founding of a new branch of Friendship House? Speaking of poverty . . . that has to be borne constantly, cheerfully. Ours is a type of personal and collective poverty that demands being lived from hour to hour, from day to day, in faith, and through begging.

IT IS NOT EASY TO BEG . . . Oh . . . no! But it is part of our vocation to be beggars for Christ's sake.

Thus, in darkness, hiddenness, poverty, and constant begging, the days merge into months, months into years; and seemingly all is at a standstill. THEN, AS IF TOUCHED BY THE BREATH OF THE HOLY GHOST . . . the buried

"grains of wheat" show their first green shoots. There is an upsurge. The needs and pains of Christ in His poor, which the new Friendship House has been doing its best to alleviate during those first years suddenly become evident to those who have come "to see and touch."

There is a growth of vocations, as well as a physical growth. Money remains always the great problem. But then it always will, I guess, for us, who are dedicated to relying on the Providence of God.

The place becomes vitally alive in this new growth, and radiates the love of God and neighbor on an ever increasing periphery.

This is exactly what has happened to us here in Combermere in the last two years. For the three years preceding them, we were "buried in the dark earth"

. . . grains of wheat . . . few . . . unknown . . . not well understood. But in the last two years, more than seven hundred people passed through the Blue Door of Madonna House . . . painted in honor of Our Lady . . . to find out about God and the things of God. The Staff grew too. We are now eleven, and are expecting to increase by four more. God is so good!

Thus Friendship House, Combermere, stands in this year of grace, 1953, on the edge of its true growth. Just as once did Toronto, Ottawa, Harlem, Chicago, Washington, Portland, and other branches.

Now there is an urgent, vital, desperate need for auxiliaries, groups of men and women organized here and there to help us carry on the work of God in this part of the world.

We have so many services, each of which must be expanded to the uttermost! I shall tell you about them next month, for there is not space enough in this issue to say all the things I want to say, nor even to mention all the services we need from you.

Eventually I shall compile these articles into a pamphlet, which shall be sent all over Canada — that all Catholics may participate with us in nursing the sick, clothing the ragged and the naked, sheltering the homeless, feeding the hungry, teaching the ignorant, bringing happiness to bodies and love to souls.

"Purification"

Unspotted Mary recked unclean,
Forbade to touch a holy thing
As she, most pure, wrapt
Holiness
Itself, doth in the Temple bring!

—Thomas Callahan



PASTOR-BONUS

The Role of Prayer In The Lay Apostolate

By Francoise De Castro

We all know that our Master and our Model in our apostolic life is Our Lord. The Lord is the first Apostle: "As my Father sent Me, so do I send you." Therefore, in His public life, Our Lord gives not only by His teaching but also, by His actions, the example we are to follow.

Christ did not have any need to pray. His human nature was directly united to His Divine one, and therefore enjoyed the Beatific Vision. Nevertheless, He spent a considerable amount of time praying, in spite of all His activities, in order to show us how necessary prayer is. "When He had finished sending them home, He went up by Himself on to the hillside, to pray there; twilight had come, and He remained there alone." Mat. 14. "Then, at very early dawn, He left them and went away to a lonely place, and began praying there." Mark 1.

Chose 12 After Prayer

It was at this time that
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New Church Furnishes Idea For Meditation

By Eddie Doherty

The new church of the Sacred Heart, in Combermere, is complete at last, inside and out. It is a beautiful and spacious building. It is a lovelier edifice than anybody in the parish dreamed of—except, perhaps, our pastor, Rev. A. P. "Pat" Dwyer. It is so grand and modern and friendly that even the old timers are glad the first church burned.

We have a new church; but the building of it, and the furnishing of it, and the financing of it, have not made a new man of Father Pat.

St. Don John Bosco

Somehow one cannot help thinking of the new church and of the priest who worked so hard to complete it that he added more wrinkles to his face than his age deserves. And one cannot help thinking, either, of some of the things St. John Bosco wrote about priests.

A priest, Don Bosco said, must die of work or of vice. It seems our pastor is going to die of work—but we hope not for many years.

I finished, some months ago, the first of three volumes on the life of Don Bosco. Charles Scribner's Sons will publish it soon. Ever since I began to read about this saint, and how he felt about priests, I have wondered about him, and about priests in general.

Another thing Don Bosco said was that a priest takes many with him, to heaven or to hell. That stunned me when I first read it. It has stuck in my mind — like a splinter in a carpenter's thumb — ever since. I keep feeling it. It keeps hurting. I don't know what to do about it. I don't know how to get it out of my system.

It seems blasphemous to a layman that any priest should go to hell, and that he should take many people with him; just as it seems ridiculous that a priest must die either of work or of vice.

Alter Christus

But, if you remember that every priest ordained by a bishop is another Christ, another Saviour, another Redeemer, another Oblation offered willingly to the Father, you begin to see a little more clearly that Don Bosco was tragically right.

A priest, another Christ, must render to the Father a strict account of his priesthood, his Christ-hood. A priest, unquestionably, should be a saint. If he is not a saint . . .

It is distressing to speak of priests who are not saints, who will not die of work, who will not take any souls with them into heaven. It must be distressing also to read about them. Forgive me for bringing the subject to your attention. But then St. John Bosco brought it to me; and I am pretty sure he didn't mean for me to keep it to

myself.

We all know there are many saintly priests in the United States and Canada. We all know too, that there are not enough of them — that there are far too few of them to wean America from its worship of luxury and ease and comforts and adulation and power, and thus save it from the wrath of the Almighty. We all know that many saintly priests are needed to convert America from its adoration of gadgets to an adoration and a love of God.

Where are we going to get all these priests?

Can We Do This?

Is it possible that we, ordinary lay people, mingled with the Christs who are really Christs, can set the tepid and indifferent priests afire — that we can bring back to their old fervor enough of them to make America flame with the love of God?

A priest takes many with him to heaven or to hell. Why should we lay people, who love priests so, and who need them so, permit any one of them to go to hell?

There have been indifferent priests all through the history of the Church. There have been wicked priests. How true it is that a priest must die of work or of some sort of vice!

Priests who do not burn with love for God, who do not inflame their people with the love of God, crucify Christ — crucify themselves. Such priests are walking Golgothas. Some drive in the nails with swift, hard, clean hammer blows. These are the ones who leave the Church. These are the ones the gentle and pitying Fr. Boyd Barrett calls "shepherds in the mist."

And Others—

And some, with their anointed hands, bury the Cross, and Christ hanging on it, in the dunghills of their indifferent hearts!

We must pray for these unfortunate ones, we ordinary lay Catholics. We must fast and do penance for them. We must suffer for them. We must bring them back to the fervor they knew on the day the bishop made them other Christs.

Without them, without a lot of zealous and saintly priests — and the people those priests will bring to Christ — America will perish.

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WHERE LOVE IS—GOD IS

Standing on the threshold of the New Year, that measures time for us, it is good to consider eternity, which leaves time forever.

It is hard for us mortals to think in terms of timelessness. Yet think we must. Much and hard. And we must pray without ceasing that our thinking about it may be blessed by an outpouring of light from the Crimson Dove—The Holy Ghost, the Spirit of Wisdom and of Love!

For the entrance to eternity is through the judgment seat of God . . . THE FIRST JUDGMENT . . . to which, alas, so few of us give any heed. It should occupy most of our waking hours. Then we would not be what we are . . . a lost and frightened generation . . . and our world would not be poised over the brink of annihilation, as it is.

But, fools that we are, we keep shying away from all fears . . . even the FEAR OF THE LORD that is the beginning of wisdom and a most precious Gift of the Holy Ghost, a gift that we stand so much in need of, that . . . UNLESS WE BEGIN PRAYING INTENSELY FOR IT NOW . . . WE WILL NOT BE GIVEN ANY TOMORROWS TO FIND IT IN!

Then we shall have to face the FIRST JUDGMENT IN ABJECT, CRAVEN FEAR . . . and it will suit us well . . . because, shying away from the FEAR OF THE LORD, as we do . . . we run away from the thought of facing His INFINITE AND PERFECT JUSTICE . . . FROM ALL THOUGHTS OF HELL AND DAMNATION . . . AND EVEN FROM THOUGHTS OF HEAVEN . . . because we do not quite like the steep and narrow way that leads to it, and we continue to lull ourselves with the foolish hope that, without much effort on our part, we, somehow, will slide into Purgatory . . . on the mercy of God!

GOD IS MERCY-FULL. BUT HE IS ALSO ALL-JUST.

His Mercy stands near us all the days of our lives. Nay . . . it covers us with its warm iridescent mantle until our last breath. It holds within its precious folds all the graces we need to become SAINTS. But we tear the mantle . . . and let graces lie where they may fall.

And then we die.

At that moment our souls appear for the First Judgment of their Uncreated God.

What is the FACE OF PERFECT JUSTICE LIKE? It is the Face of Christ. It holds, in His eyes, the reflection of His Father's Love . . . illuminated sharp and clear by the light of the Holy Ghost.

He sits on His JUDGMENT SEAT, in His human body. Justice flows from every wound. Justice speaks from the utter silence that envelopes Him. Justice can be touched in the postures of all the angels that stand still and breathless before His perfection. It is given to Christ to JUDGE THE LIVING AND THE DEAD. But God the Father and God the Holy Ghost are present. Justice fills both.

Judgment is rendered by Christ! But who can stand the look on the Father's face when a soul that has crucified Christ, say only by its lukewarmness . . . that has tortured and murdered Him slowly, deliberately, in a lackadaisical sort of fashion . . . appears for judgment?

CHRIST IS HIS SON . . . AND WE HIS CREATURES, WHO HAVE DARED TOUCH THE UNTOUCHABLE . . . THE WELL-BELOVED . . . THE ALL-HOLY . . . WITH HANDS AND HEARTS THAT MAIMED . . . AND SULLIED . . . AND KILLED!

LIKE STEEL UNSHEATHED . . . UNBENDABLE . . . UNCHANGEABLE . . . ALL-CONTAINED . . . PERFECT . . . THE JUSTICE OF GOD WILL SPEAK!

UNLESS WE FACE IT THROUGH THE VEIL OF FAITH NOW . . . OURS WILL BE A TERRIBLE FEAR THAT WILL LIVE IN UTTER DARKNESS FOR ETERNITY.

GOD IS NOT MOCKED . . . And now is the time to remember this . . . for unless we do, TIME WILL CEASE TO EXIST FOR US . . . EVEN NOW.

Through The Blue Door

By
Catherine de Hueck

The phone rang sharply on my desk. I don't know why, but the phones in all Friendship Houses usually have a note of urgency in their calling. Of course, this might be just my imagination. Anyhow, this time it most assuredly did.

As soon as I picked up the receiver, the well-known voice of a priest, who always had urgent reasons for calling came to me, clear and distinct. He asked if I had room for two people. One was a man just out of prison. He had served a sentence for manslaughter. It wasn't murder only because his victim, a bank clerk, did not die from the wounds inflicted on him during a hold-up. The other was his girl friend. Both had been sent to the priest, penniless. He did not know exactly what to do with them until he thought of Friendship House.

Hi, Killer. Hi, Moll.

We had never knowingly met a murderer, even one who had failed to kill his victim, nor had we known what the more lurid magazines called a "gun moll."

But there is always a first time in meeting all kinds of people in Friendship House . . . and since we had room, and they were destitute, and Christ's . . . of course I said we would be glad to have them both.

In a few hours' time, the Blue Door opened; and through it came a man with a tired, haunted face, and a young girl all paint and paste . . . a cupid's bow on her lips vividly outlined . . . mascaraed eyelashes . . . dark red eyebrows . . . nails dripping-red . . . and fear hidden in deep, blue eyes that could not have looked on the world for more than eighteen years.

I welcomed them warmly, and went back to the business at hand, which was counting pennies, nickels, dimes, and the occasional quarter that had come from selling our little paper, THE SOCIAL FORUM, at the doors of many Churches.

This Gun A Volunteer

The man surveyed the piles of cash with a practised eye, and declared that I was foolish to keep so much cash in the house after banking hours, especially as the neighborhood was not the kind where cash could be displayed so lavishly.

The girl kept chewing her gum, and making little strange, not-unmusical noises with it.

I agreed with the idea of caution, but went on to explain that there wasn't much money there; that everyone around about knew where it came from; that many of the hoboes—Brothers Christopher to us—had helped to sell the paper; and that many of our neighbors took a lively interest in the proceedings and their results.

The man shook his head unbelievably, and announced that, in return for food and shelter, he would guard the money with his life.

With that, he brought forth a gun, and moved his mattress close to the desk, in the drawer of which we had rather carelessly put the "take".

It was time to get settled

for the night. Those of the Brothers Christopher who then lived with us, went upstairs. The gunman made himself comfy. And we took the girl to the house next door, where we slept.

I wondered what we would find the next day. We found the room neatly swept, the mattress tidily put away, the gun out of sight—and the money intact in the drawer.

She Sews; He Cooks

The girl, refreshed by a long night's sleep, washed clean of paint, and dressed in a simple gingham frock we had found in our clothing center, looked very young and most demure.



They stayed a week. Both made themselves useful around the place. She loved to sew, and he to cook. No one spoke to them of religion . . . of the past . . . of the future. For all of us who live behind the Blue Door have learned, long ago, that love expresses itself best in the infinite and tender delicacies of silence . . . especially when dealing with those deeply wounded by life or by the indifference of their brethren in Christ.

In a week's time the man got word from what he rather generally referred to as "home." We bade them God-speed, and put them into Mary's hands as we do with all those who pass through the Blue Door.

The Follow-Up

Years passed. Recently in front of the Blue Door of another Friendship House branch, a big limousine stopped. From it came a man whose hair was very white. There was a great kindness about his eyes and a big smile on his face. Behind him walked a woman, quite evidently his wife. Her face was beautiful in the full maturity of middle age, unmarred by any paint or make-up.

She held by the hand, a boy of six or seven years. Last of all, came a girl of ten or twelve, with one of the most beautiful faces we ever saw.

The man approached our desk . . . and silently laid a cheque for a thousand dollars on it. Then he smiled and said, "I have wanted to do this for a long time. It is a little token of my gratitude, for the hospitality, the love, and the trust I found in your place. But this is only the beginning of my payment to Lady Mary . . . who has blessed us ever since we passed through her Blue Door so many years ago."

Suddenly I knew. He was the gunman who had watched over our money with a forbidden weapon! And she was the gum-chewing moll!

How wonderful!
How wonder-full can a Blue Door be?

The B's Corner

The motto chosen by the Catholic Press Association for this month, CATHOLIC PRESS MONTH, is good. It states with great and true emphasis that — "THE CATHOLIC PRESS HELPS GOOD FAMILIES GROW BETTER." — This is but another way of saying that, spiritually speaking, unless we go constantly forward, we will slide backwards, for in spiritual life, there is no such thing as standing still. Much as I love our brethren of the Catholic Press Association, of which we are more than proud to be members, I would like to add to their motto another — "THE CATHOLIC PRESS HELPS . . . OR SHOULD HELP . . . SINNERS TO BECOME SAINTS."

So Many Sinners

No one can deny that we are all sinners. Everyone should know that the only reason he was created IS TO BECOME A SAINT. It is the task of the Catholic Press to make it clear that the word SANCTITY has its roots in the word LOVE . . . that LOVE IS GOD . . . and that what our strange age and time needs above all is LOVE . . . LOVE . . . LOVE!

The way to it is also love. For sanctity . . . holiness . . . is synonymous with happiness . . . peace . . . joy . . . all the things contained in LOVE WHICH IS GOD . . . and which we dwellers of this frightened planet need more than we need gold, silver, or even bread.

Why is it that we Catholics, even those of us who know our holy Faith well, are afraid of using simple direct language such as Christ Himself used? Why for instance are we afraid of speaking simply of SANCTITY which is the road to peace, happiness, and joy (I repeat these words again because they are key words, and need being repeated over and over) here on this earth, and finally for eternity in heaven.

Take it or leave it, friends, we ARE afraid. Is it echoes of Jansenism? Or the fact that for so long we have been immersed like fish in the waters of Protestantism, communism, atheism, materialism, neo-paganism? Possibly. But so what? It is time we ceased to think of ourselves as a despised and persecuted minority, time we ceased to have a siege mentality.

Since when, and why, should Catholics be on the defensive?

Let us re-read the Letters of the Apostles, few of whom were educated men. But, educated or uneducated, they met an inimical pagan world with hearts that were filled with the Holy Ghost, and hence fearless. So they took the offensive along all lines, proclaiming the truth . . . at the cost of their lives, if need be.

Let us do likewise. Let us speak the truth, write the truth, live the truth fearlessly, joyously, never even stopping to consider the cost. For if we do . . . then all of us sinners together . . . will become saints . . . and the kingdom of God will dwell among us . . . His peace . . . His joy . . . His love.

That is the true task of the Catholic Press. It has no other. It can approach it from any of the thousand angles open to writers, editors, and publishers, but

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COMBERMERE

By Dorothy M. Phillips

Snow in Combermere this year seems to be at a premium. So far we have had little more than small sprinklings, which have left the highway bare, and the side roads slippery and hazardous. Our friends, who have lived here seventy or eighty years keep saying, "Never seen a winter here before with so little snow."

The twenty - below - zero temperature, however, arrived on schedule and froze the edges of the Madawaska. Out came the skates on moonlight evenings and Sunday afternoons. But the currents of the river began eating through the under ice, making it unsafe to skate even close to the banks.

Not a Hot Foot

This discovery was made in a very definite manner by Terese, as she hurried home from Mass, ahead of us, to make sure our porridge and tea would be waiting for us. Taking the short cut across the river, she stepped out firmly and surely onto the ice, sped along six or seven feet and suddenly found one leg completely submerged in icy, cold, clear, dark blue water.

Quickly, and I mean quickly, she extricated herself from the numbing waters. A change from dripping jeans was in order, but no dampened spirits were in evidence. Plans are being made now to clear a rink back in the marsh and we hope to see the skates dragged out again soon.

Our first dance at St. Martha's was held on January Second. The Christmas decorations were still up, and red and green streamers were hung from the corners to the center of the room. Friends and neighbors started arriving as early as seven-fifteen for they had far to come. St. Martha's started filling up and dancing began to the strains of Wilfrid Bouchard's accordion. Soon a square dance was in full swing and Ed Coulas, who called them for us, could be heard shouting:

"Allemande left, to your corners all.—A right to your honey and around the hall."

Up To Capacity

We discovered the seating

and standing capacity of our downstairs room, for it was in evidence that night. About one hundred people were here. The tables and desks had been brought down to the basement, and a game room was set up for the younger generation who spent the evening there. The beds in our dormitory were partially covered with coats, but were mainly occupied by sleeping children.

Downstairs there was no dirth of amusement. The newly-come Dutch immigrants danced their folk dances and taught them to our people. We danced our squares and taught them to the Dutch. The room rocked with laughter at the antics of both. Music abounded, for besides Wilfrid, Adrian Van Hoooydonk played his Dutch tunes for us, and a fiddler and guitar player were here from Barry's Bay. It was a good night and a happy one, which ended to the strains of the Salve Regina.

Epiphany was celebrated here according to our usual custom. A sweet-bread cake was baked and in it was hidden the traditional penny. At our evening meal it was brought in with three lighted candles upon it as we sang "We Three Kings." A small bowl containing the Christian virtues written on slips of paper was passed around. Each one of us dipped into it and withdrew the virtue we are to concentrate on for the year. With twenty of us here all trying to practice different virtues, we hope that perhaps God will smile indulgently at our efforts and allow us to become a well-rounded unit.

In Front of Crib

The bread was cut, and Joe bit deeply into the penny. Custom has it that he who receives the penny is to pray in a special manner at the Crib for the members of the family. It was warming to drop into Church and find Joe as our representative kneeling reverently by the Crib adoring the Infant. And the family feeling was strong the night we found him in the dimly lit living room shortly before bedtime, commending us to the care of the holiest family this world has ever had.

I Was a Beggar, And You Gave Me An Alms

Christ is a beggar standing in your path, His hands stretched out to you in supplication for His little ones. Listen to Him speak with the voice of Fr. C. Mauri, rector of the Salesian Retreat, Yercaud, Salem, S. India:

"You must be aware of the distress prevailing in India. People are dying of hunger because for the past five years drought has seared several zones of this poor country. Now the earth is baked hard, the fields are brown, the trees without life, the people without hope. Our missionaries are ever surrounded by men and women with starving children. There is no rain, no work, no rice. Kindly say a prayer for rain — that we may receive the fruits of the earth. And come to our rescue. I have 25 aspirants for the priesthood here, as well as many others. We sorely need food and cloth-

ing. Maybe you could help us through CARE — The Director, Service Divn., Care Inc., 20 Broad St., New York 5, N.Y. — or send us money directly. God bless you."

Listen to Him in the voice of Fr. Peter Tonello, St. John Bosco Shrine, Catholic Mission, Cherrapunji, Assam, India — or the Bank of America, 660 S. Spring St., Los Angeles:

"The situation for food is getting worse. I have great hopes in your charity. In these weeks my orphans have to eat less in order to spare something for my Christians who are on the verge of starvation. Just two or three days back I received a letter from my assistant, on tour, saying that people along his route are in utter poverty and mortgaging everything they could to get a few ounces of rice. It is really dreadful to hear."

"I need \$120 a month, and I also need multivitamin tablets to distribute among the people. Please have pity on them and my orphans in their distress. May the Infant Jesus bring joy to you."

Listen to Him in the voice of Fr. Wm. Leonardi, Catholic Mission, Cherukunnu P.O., North Malabar, India: "We are working here for the conversion of the Pulayaj, one of the many kinds of outcast peoples. About their poverty, material and spiritual, you cannot have any idea at all. Some of them are veritable slaves. Can you help a little through the holy hearts of Jesus and Mary?"

Listen to Him speak in the voice of a Carmelite Sister of the Divine Heart of Jesus, Amstelveenseweg 760, Amsterdam, Holland: "We ask your help for the poor children confided to our care. We have to deal here with the poorest of the poor. Everything costs so much more than it did formerly — especially the repairing of the houses ruined in the war. Any amount, however small you may think it, will be accepted with the greatest gratitude. Your remittance may be sent directly or through the Guaranty Trust Co. bank, New York, in favor of Arnold Gilissen's Bank, N.V., Amsterdam, for the Carmelite Sisters, Amsterdam."

And listen to Him again, speaking in the voice of Mother M. Daniel, of the Discalced Carmelite Nuns, 2155 Terry Road, Jackson, Miss.: "We ask funds to enable young women to help the world as we believe only Catholic young women can help it in this chaotic age, by living a life of prayer and penance. Can you help us house some of these fervent ones — for your own sake — and for God's sake?"

THE ROLE OF PRAYER

(Continued from Page One)

He went out on to the mountain side, and passed the whole night offering prayer to God, and when dawn came, He called His disciples to Him, choosing out twelve of them. Luke 6.

Christ chose us of the Lay Apostolate as His special friends, first and foremost to love Him — to love Him in atonement for the innumerable souls that, not knowing Him, do not love Him — and then as a normal consequence of this love of Him, to go to others to give them knowledge and love of our Lord. "Go and teach all nations."

This command applies first to the priests, to the teaching Church, then, and just as strongly, to us, the laity. What He wants of us, His friends, is to go and get other friends for Him — in the places where He cannot go as a priest.

He wants us to be "our brothers' keepers," and to give them, where it is lacking, food, clothing, and work.

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Young Girl Plays At Hide and Seek

By Lorraine Fecteau

"But don't you want to be a saint?" you asked earnestly.

"A saint? Are you crazy?" That's what he said. "Look, none of that Holy-Joe business for me." He looked at you as though you were crazy.

After The Ball

Bill was taking you home from the dance that night, and you'd been telling him about the lay apostolate. You were fifteen then, you had just discovered a wonderful thing called Catholic Action, and you were in love with it. You thought Bill was smart and would understand. He did. But he didn't want to be a saint.

So that put an end to what could otherwise have been a beautiful relationship. It put an end to Bill as the big date in your life.

Now you have to laugh at yourself every time you remember the incident. You

be far away, and you stumble and skin your nose. And He can be very harsh when you need it.

Learn To Trust

It's not always easy to think of Him as a loving Father when everything inside is turmoil and confusion, and you seem to be wandering aimlessly through a dark hall. You're lost. You can't see Him. Now you need Him most of all and you can't find Him. It isn't always easy to believe He is there, loving you. You must learn to trust.

There are so many things to learn. It takes a lifetime to learn even a little. But you can learn, and you're glad again to be alive. And you're glad to be growing up — up towards God.

Well, you've got a hang-over from the age of fifteen. You still can't understand why some people don't care about being saints. Isn't that what everyone is born for?

People think that Holy-Joes are not normal. They aren't. Why? Because a Holy-Joe, in that sense of the term, is not a happy Joe. And if you love God in the right way, you are happy — sometimes in spite of yourself, no matter if your name ain't Joe.

Saints Are Not Sad

Holy-Joes can give a lot of people a lot of wrong impressions. For example — that loving God is strictly a sad and serious affair with downcast eyes and a depressed spirit. Loving God is serious — as serious as life itself. But sombre? — Never!!

So, if you are allergic to anything that smacks of Holy Joes, then go ahead and have a good allergy. It's a healthy thing to have. And it won't stop you from trying to be a saint.

You wonder about Bill — if his ideas have changed. Maybe he can now see sanctity as normal, and as an adventure. You hope so. And you wonder how you can tell the world about it. You wonder if it is possible to convince people like Bill of such a fact. Maybe it's something that people just have to experience to believe.

Truth comes to different people in different ways. You can tell your friends about God and love, but perhaps only God Himself can convince them.

Mirror God

No, maybe there is something you can do. Maybe you haven't let people see it in yourself.

You know there's no use talking about the happiness of holiness if other souls can't see some of it in you.

"But God, how can your joy reflect through such a mussy, dusty mirror as I am?" you burble.

Hey, that's something new — asking God to help you clean a mirror!

Or is it as old as the hills?



poverty
is the
face of
Christ
Leon bloy

have changed. (Thank Heaven that growing up is inevitable.) At least, you don't go around, now, shocking people by asking why they don't want to be saints, though you'd still like to, sometimes. Instead, you're concentrating more on being a saint yourself — and finding out how difficult it is, and how wonderful and joyous, and what an adventure it is.

Why, it's almost like playing a game of hide and seek with God. You try to see Christ in people you meet. You try to see God's Will in every little thing you do. You try to find Him in every little situation you're in. You keep looking for Him everywhere.

Maybe Yes, Maybe No

Sometimes you can see Him right away, and He looks beautiful and glorious. Sometimes He is deeply hidden, and quiet and mysterious. Again, sometimes He is so covered by selfishness and worldly tinsel He is almost suffocated.

Too often it's your own fault you don't find God. Too often you forget to look, or are just too selfish and lazy to try. You must often make it difficult for other people to find Him.

Then, you wonder about this game of hide and seek. Are you chasing God or is God really chasing you? Maybe God just lets you think you're chasing Him because it pleases you. It does please you. He is the most ingenious of fathers — well, He is God. And he loves you, so isn't it great to be alive!

Oh! but sometimes He can

THE ROLE OF PRAYER

(Continued from Page Three)

But what He really wants is to give them, through us, the participation in His life. Our good works are only a preparation. **We have to give the means to live, and then we have to give the meaning of life.**

More And More

Having to love Christ, we have to love Him more and more. "The measure to love God," says St. Bernard, "is to love Him without measure." We cannot stop in our way towards God. If we stop, we go backwards. Therefore prayer, which is the exercise of love is an indispensable food for our souls, together with the sacraments and the study of the Word of God.

Moreover, as Lay Apostles, we have a special duty to pray. Nobody can give what he does not have. If we intend to give anyone Christ, we must first have Him in ourselves and to such an extent that He works in us, not we.

We should become so transparent that He shines through us, and others can see Him.

We are like a lake. Could a lake overflow its edges by its own power, without being constantly refilled by a spring? Let us be filled, and overflowed, and overflow!

We do not know. We are helpless. Innumerable visitors enter every day the libraries in Friendship House or they come to visit us here in Madonna House. How should we know the words to tell them, the unique and secret sentence that suddenly will warm up their hearts and open them to Christ, unceasingly knocking at the door of their souls? We do not know. But one who has formed in himself the habit of prayer, who has agreed to "waste his time" doing nothing in front of the Blessed Sacrament, will suddenly hear himself uttering the right words, giving the right answer to a question (an answer that quite often he did not know that he knew). This, because Christ has spoken through him.

In order that Christ can speak through us, we must be silent at times, and let Him talk.

NEW CHURCH

(Continued from Page One)

Only saints can save the land from the legions of devils getting ready now to invade it. Only saintly priests and saintly people.

It is wonderful to have a new church in Combermere. It is wonderful to have such a beautiful and roomy church. We are grateful to God for giving it to us. We are grateful to all the men and women of the parish who gave so much to it, their money, and their time, and their labor, and their prayers. We are grateful to the readers of Restoration who

did so much to finish and decorate it, who gave it its voice, the bell, and its soul, the tabernacle, and who furnished the Stations of the Cross and the sanctuary Lamp, and the sacred vessels, and the splendid vestments.

But we are thankful, especially, that God also gave us a priest who will die of work; and who will take many with him into heaven.

May God give the United States and Canada thousands of priests as good as Father Pat!

Lourdes Lady

By
Lavada Ward Strona

I do not envy you, my Bernardette,
Who saw a Lady in a dirty cave.

Such Grace from Heaven
never will be mine,
But others, Gifts and grace,
she freely gave.

For Faith I prayed in desperate appeal
And Faith she gave me poured out from Above.

No, Bernardette, I saw no Lady fair;
With all my being I have felt her love.

For many loved ones I have asked her aid.
Her help for each a perfect single flower.

And still I saw no lady wonderful fair.
For me, and mine, we only felt her power.

Brotherhood Week February 15-22, '53

By the
Reverend John A. O'Brien, Ph.D.,
(Catholic Co-Chairman, Commission on Religious Organizations of the National Conference of Christians and Jews)

With the threat of another world war hanging over our heads, it behooves all of us to turn in prayer to Almighty God that we may be spared from that awful catastrophe. The best preparation for enduring peace is to exemplify a spirit of goodwill and brotherhood at home. Brotherhood week will be most fittingly observed by practising genuine brotherhood and by calling upon our Heavenly Father to deepen understanding, goodwill and friendship among all our citizens.

Change of Address

With deep gratitude to all who have helped my relatives, Olga Kolyschke and her family, and in answer to many letters of inquiry, I am happy to state that they have moved into a better apartment, the address of which is — 423 East 162 St., near Third Av., Bronx 56, N.Y.C. (Apt. 12½). They still need many little things for the household, and Ksenia is still hoping for a better paying job.

This Letter May Interest Many

729 West 4th St.,
Duluth 6, Minnesota

Dear Mr. Doherty: We greet you and yours in Mary! We read with happiness of your "Wonderful Year of Slavery," and hope that you and Mrs. Doherty will be blessed with many more such years.

Total Consecration to Our Blessed Mother is indeed a gift of gifts. And it's a very sad fact that in spite of the fact that St. Louis' great "True Devotion to the B.V.M." has been condensed into the attractive "Secret of Mary" pamphlet, and in spite of the efforts of Queen of All Hearts, the Scapular, Immaculata, etc., still there are so very many who remain unaware of the glories and splendors of T.C.

It has occurred to us that in these days of pocket-sized reading, perhaps a leaflet might start others unto the road to S.M. and T.D., and finally Total Consecration. So a group of Marian workers are endeavoring to spread the enclosed leaflet written by Brother Bernard, with this one hope in mind. In fact, we hope, little by little, to flood the U.S. with it, so that thousands in villages and cities may be brought to a knowledge of Mary and Her place among us. Perhaps many copies will fall by the wayside, but even if only one out of each one hundred responds, even that will be well worth the effort, for who knows what that one will accomplish through a life totally consecrated to Mary?

We are supplying these leaflets to our parish, hospital, college, etc. We are also mailing them to our out-of-town friends and to devotees of Our Blessed Mother, requesting them to spread the leaflet in the same manner. We hope that you and your wife will also be interested. If so, the leaflets are obtainable, free of charge, from the Franciscans at Marytown.

You will notice from the enclosed M. I. Consecration and M. I. Daily renewal, that this consecration carries the Total Consecration into a special consecration of one's apostolic efforts, and into a special prayer for the conversion of Masons . . . wonderful, is it not?

With prayerful best wishes for you and yours, sincerely in Mary, Clementine Lenta, (St. Peter's Sodality).

P.S.—We are suggesting to our friends that when ordering the leaflets in large amounts, a little postage be sent in to help "Immaculata" defray costs.



Freedom

(Anonymous)

Unevenness no longer troubles me.
Wealth is the same to me as poverty.

Illusion I have cast away.
Without myself I long to stay.

Myself I leave,
Who lives beyond his thought, he shall not grieve.

You ask how from illusion I withdrew?

When perfect union in myself I knew?

Only that union is not vain
That takes the sting from love and pain.

Myself I leave.
Who lives beyond his thought, he shall not grieve.

Since I was drowned in depths, nothing could force

My lips to speech, I lost my very tongue.

Thus God into Himself has taken me.

Myself I leave,
And in this darkness I no longer grieve.

Since now again my life is at its source,
I cannot age. I am forever young.

The gifts of earth have all forsaken me,
Their powers leave,

Who lives beyond his thought, he shall not grieve.



THE B'S CORNER

(Continued from Page Two)

approach it must . . . or it shall perish with the rest of the world.

Help us TO HELP SINNERS BECOME SAINTS. SUBSCRIBE TO "RESTORATION." ONE DOLLAR A YEAR SENT TO MADONNA HOUSE, COMBERMERE, ONTARIO, CANADA, WILL BRING YOU A LITTLE PAPER WITH THE GREAT HOPE OF HELPING YOU TO BECOME A SAINT.

As that marvelous writer, editor, publisher, and martyr, Father Maximilian Kolbe, expressed it, the point of Catholic periodicals should be not to win circulation but to win souls.

A Heavenly Incident

By Lavada Ward Strona

Once there were two women who died, and after hanging around Purgatory for awhile, went to Heaven. Heaven heard about it immediately. For those two women were bored stiff.

"We want to love people!" they cried.

The saints all around them said, "Love us. Love God."

"We have always loved God. Everybody loves you. We want to love people who need love." They went running to St. Francis, who was pacing up and down reading his celestial breviary, in ecstasy. He didn't see them.

So they went to tell the Virgin Mother about it. She was feeding the perpetual Christ-Child his cereal and heating the water for the washing in the fireplace at the same time. She listened.

"Yes, I know how it is. Joseph and I had so many trials on that trip into Egypt when He was so little. I don't know what I'd have done if kind people hadn't loaned me a place to wash His clothes. Sometimes someone would take Him for a night so I could have an unbroken night of sleep. Travel makes small babies upset, sometimes. I always felt I owed the same thing to other desperate scared people. When I can't get to them any other way I go out and look for them. Someone is always asking me why I bother. No one appreciates it and it is none of my business. But I feel I know what it feels like, and I am so sorry for them. Come with me and I'll show you people who need you."

So, with a pass signed by her Divine Son, they went out of the Gate of Heaven, Mary and those two women, taking turns carrying the Infant Christ, who is heavy only if you carry Him unwillingly, and walked down the road. They were going back to Purgatory, for there people needed them.

Lots of folks in Heaven were amazed. In fact, they talked of nothing else for several eternities. They just couldn't understand anyone wanting to go back to Purgatory. But those two women did. They knew what it felt like. The other folks had forgotten.



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